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Ergist fiction

Un Lunatie in English Liction.

The lunatic has always been a prominent figure in literature and some of the world's greatest works have been built up around characters who were definitely declared to be insane -- ULYSSES in Homer, SAUL in the Bible, ORLANDO FURIOSO, DON QUIXOTE, OPHELIA in Hamlet. In the field of the novel, which by its nature permits a larger range of character and incident than any other literary form, the proportion is even larger than in the general field. The hero of the first great novel, whom Mabie classes as one of the first gentlemen in literature, was mad, notwithstanding, we all know, as a March hare. American literature the hero of Brown's WIFI AND, or the TRANSFORMED (1798) the earliest novel of any importance whatsoever, was driven into homicidal mania, and kills his wife and children. Continental fiction. particularly of the later French and German schools, abounds in illustrations of insanity. In English fiction, from LAUNCELOT in MORTE DARTHUR, through Richardson and Sterne, to Crockett's MAD SIR UCHTRED OF THE HILLS, there is not a single period or class of fiction, and few authors, who do not employ mad characters for some purpose or other.

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In this paper I intend to examine the various employments of insanity in English prose fiction from its beginning to the year 1875. Now during that whole period the number of novels published yearly averaged about one hundred, so that with the best intention, it would be impossible to examine anywhere near all of them, but, limiting myself to the works of authors who are acknowledged, either by the critics, or by general sympathy and interest, the mass is more manageable. Therefore, while this does not pretend to be exhaustive, yet, as under any possible classification which may be made, some representative of each class has been taken up. I believe a fairly thorough account of the subject is given. The Gothic novel has been most slighted, and that intentionally, for, to get any adequate treatment of insanity, there must be a sane background, which the pure Gothic novel least presents. Moreover, the great Gothic novels, Walpole's THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO, the first of the kind, and Mrs. Radcliffe's best work, contain nothing for us, while Scott, though he is decidedly not of the school, employs in wholesome surroundings, plentiful cases which may fairly be understood to be glorified ex-

amples of the Gothic treatment.

The underlying purpose of the work is of a twofold nature. First, to see, by examining a single type
of character, how much may be learned of the nature
and styles of the English novelists, and to note how,
from our previous conception of the authors, this
treatment of the subject may be determined in advance;
and, second, to show, at the same time, the differences
and similarity in attitude on the part of this company
of thinkers and observers of different generations,
positions and ranks, something of the feeling we should
have toward insanity; and, perhaps, even what insanity
is, from the human, but not from the medical standpoint.

Under the first head, again, while the subject can hardly be treated historically itself, yet, in the nature of it, following a given type down through the library of fiction, it should give a history of the English novel on the side of the book--that is, working from book to author, rather than author to book--. It seems in following a given trail from one point to another, however narrow the trail may be, we often get a better comprehension of the surrounding country than

if we try to cover the whole territory; and this thing should be equally true in a literary application.

Undoubtedly the novel had been slighted in the literary histories. For example, in one book, very widely used as a text. there is no mention made of Smollett or Lawrence Sterne -- whom someone recently classed as one of the three most original writers of English, with Coleridge and Shakespeare -- or Charles Reade, whose CLOISTER and the HEARTH must rank among the great historical novels. In consideration of the fact that the novel is at once the most popular and emphatic of literary forms yet invented -- the form most read by the race during its formative period, and hence the most powerful former of literary taste, it appears that there is generally a disproportionately small space given to the development of the novel. It is true that the later novelists are less indebted to their predecessors in matters of form and precept than are other writers, but to a greater extent are they indebted for a ready audience and taste; and for this reason more attention should be given the men who have been producers of fiction; the lesser novelist as well as the lesser poet.

In the beginning, it is well to have some brief outline of the novel, and an attempt at classification, though exactitude is impossible, and attempts to seek it bring the writer into grievous statements. For witness; one historian applies the edjective "belated" to the CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH because, being a historical novel, it did not fall within the term of years he had elected to designate as characterized by the production of historical novels; and, later, forces S. Weir Mitchell to feature as a member of the school of Stevenson—they both wrote historical novels, in the same period, and the Coctor is the later. Nothing plainer, but we wonder which of them the critic has never read.

Chronologically the forerunner of the novel was the romance; that is the unreal and unrealistic narrative in prose, such as <u>EUPHUES</u> and <u>ARCADIA</u>,

(<u>MORTE d'ARTHUR</u> coincides more exactly with our romance, by which we designate a romantic novel or novel more remove from every day affairs). The first period of the true novel, from Defoe to Sterne, was realistic; perhaps "truer to life" than any of their successors. Then followed the Gothic rebound in which the works

The state of the s The second secon were, as Professor Cross says, "written mostly for the amusement or the instruction of the day", and are of minor importance; but toward the end of the period we have the quiet, realistic work of Miss Austen and Maria Edgeworth. Then followed the romantic-realistic school of Scott, the realistic golden age of Dickens and the rest, and the present day, which presents both types in profusion and in such rapid ebb and flow that it is ridiculous to try to separate the periods.

When we try to classify, the task is more difficult. Professor Masson gives thirteen heads, mainly according to subject -- "novel of Scottish life and manner; Historical novel", and the like, which give convenient pigeon holes, but make no provision for the great diversity of treatment of each class; Lord Lytton, according to manner, into familiar, picturesque, and intellectual, which is fairly complete, but does not provide compartments which do not overlap.

A novel may deal with any number of subjects; it may be colorless, sad or humorous, in tone of treat-ment--as many classes here as there are human moods--or may emphasize any one of the different things which go to make up a novel. Anything like a thorough

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classification would necessitate an infinitude of crossings; and, in short, is as impossible as to classify men definitely.

Plot, characters and setting seem to me to be the constituent parts of a novel, and these afford a convenient basis for one classification, according as the plot takes precedence, as in Collins, Poe and Doyle; or the character, as in Dickens and Thackeray; or where the setting is very prominent, though it can hardly predominate and leave the production a novel. Of late days, however, there are many efforts, due perhaps to the blending of the arts, to which some aestheticians are calling our attention. Curious results occur, even in these classifications; there may be a strongly marked plot which exists almost within the character; characters sometimes become mere scenery; while place novels are most frequently character studies.

But enough of the difficulties. Considered logically, and yet with respect for the customary clearness; we may classify conveniently thus: (1) Novels of plot, which have been mentioned; (2) of individual character, where the action of individual

mind or minds affords the chief interest, as Eliot and Thackeray; (3) social novels, which deal more with the action of mind on mind, person on person--George Meredith's EVAN HARRINGTON, a good example--(4) novels of custom, which portray the less usual--Lytton's "PICTURESQUE"--; such as the military novel, and locality novels--Lever, W. Clarke Russell--and (5) the historical novel, which varies from the first three in time just as the fourth does in place. From this, if we ask one or two questions in addition; as to their purpose; writer's attitude of mind; and realism or romanticism; we may be helped somewhat.

When we come to classify insanity the subject is immeasurable more difficult, since any real classification must be pathological, and the authorities differ widely, but since works of higher literature are descriptive and not expository, medically symptomatic and not aetiological, we are saved all this task; since it is manifestly absurd to give medical treatment to fictitious characters—of which fact the commentators on <u>FAMLET</u> are great and glaring examples. Consequently we need only define and give the common external division. As the medical authorities say,

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it is impossible to give a satisfactory single definition of insanity. Dr. Tuke defines "a chronic disease of the brain, indicating chronic disordered mental symptoms." Dr. Folsom adds, -- Pepper, SYSTEM OF MEDICINE, Volume 5, page 104 -- that instead of being a disease it is more properly "a symptom of diseases", which under varying manifestations probably affect different functions of the brain. Jackson's view is that the disease consists simply in dissolution, and that the active illusions are the outcome of what is left of the mind, such as it is. These three definitions show something of the difficulties of the problem; but, if they be harmonized they give a fairly clear idea of the medical view point. Now this view of insanity, as a disease, seems to conflict with, for example, Dickens's MR. DICK and MISS FLITE, Smollett's GREAVES and many of Scott's characters, which are, however, self-evidently true to life and not the result of mere literary fancy. From this difficulty we may be relieved and the fictitious and medical attitudes harmonized by a final addition from a non-medical psychologist, Dr. Bowne, who states that the claim that insanity always has a physical ground

cannot be made out, and that there seems to be no reason "why an overmastering association, amounting to a fixed idea, might not be formed in the mind itself".--PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORY, page 328--Even though there has been no actual "dissolution."

An old, but convenient, classification is into mania(exaltation); melancholia(depression); monomania (about one or few subjects); and dementia(weakness, "utter insensate folly"). Bucknell classifies according as the insanity affects intellect, feelings or propensities. As regards the different names for insanity, there is no real distinction, though legally, lunacy is used to distinguish cases requiring restraint.

Idiocy, and its worse form, imbecility, are really forms of insanity which have existed as long as the intelligence, and consequently are generally treated separately, madness being used only to designate acquired lunacy.

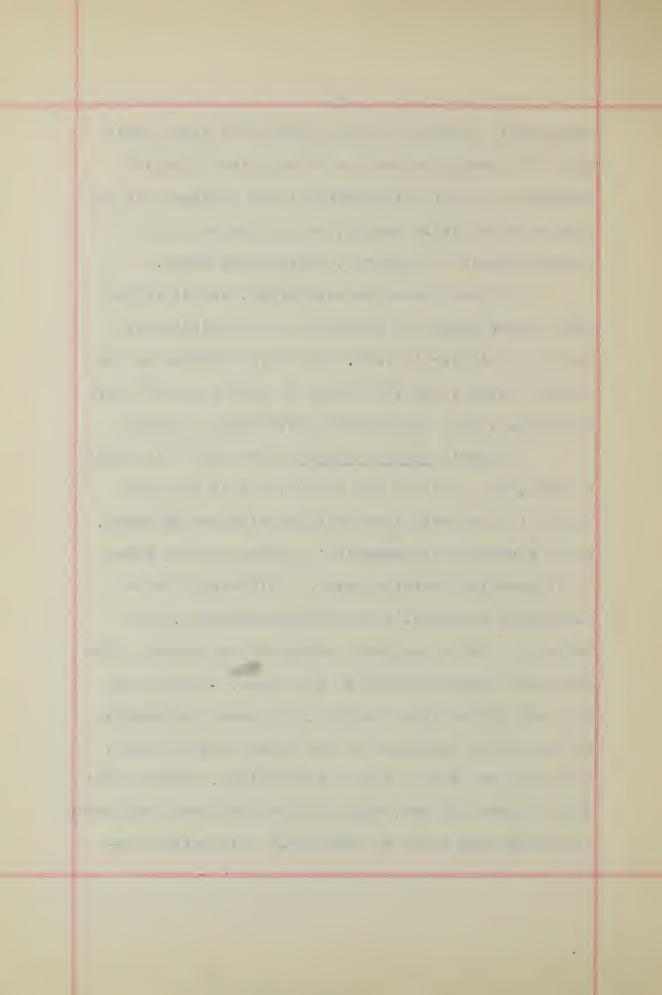
This, though by no means full, is even more than is needed in the present discussion, as the purpose is to draw information from the novels rather than to take it to them.

The lunatic or insane person is employed in six principal different manners. (1) Tragically, to arouse our horror, acute sense of the weird, or violent pity, as in Bronte, Ainsworth, and part of Scott. (2) Humorously, to amuse, or arouse laughter, as in Marryat, Lover and part of Dickens. (3) Humanly, simply to arouse an interest, as in any other fictitious character, the insanity being simply a characteristic of the individual, not a bar to humanity. This class includes, fairly, Thackeray's use, where our pity is aroused, not horribly, but sympathetically; and Sterne's and Dickens's, and is the largest class, to the glory of English writers. (4) Where the interest is in the character, as such, in his normal state, and in the effort to reach that state from the insane one -- the use of Richardson, Lytton, MacDonald and Reade, in part. On the other hand, there is the reverse -- (5) Where the interest is in the normal man, and the insanity is a climax and end, like death, beyond which we cannot go. This may, of course, be considered as a case under the first, and is the use of Thackeray in CATHERINE, Kingsley in ALTON LOCKE, and Hardy in FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. Finally, another

employment, which may be kept under the other heads, but is of enough importance to be given a special heading is (6) The discussion of the treatment of the lunatic as a public charge, and the abuse of the lunacy laws-as in Maturin, Cockton and Reade.

If the classes be subdivided, the divisions will become nearly as numerous as the individuals, and it is simpler to leave this main division of the subject intact, and to proceed by taking up each work separately, only occasionally advancing by groups.

Malory's MORTE d'ARTHUR (circa 1470) is hardly a novel, nor is it of the period, but it is closer allied to our novel than anything else before Defoe, and the account of Launcelot's sudden madness makes an interesting starting point. Guinevere is displeased at Launcelot's unwitting infidelity, and calls him "false traitor", whereupon he swooned, "And when Sir Launcelot awoke of his swoon, he leapt out at a bay window into a garden, and then with thorn s he was all to scratched in his visage and his body, and so he ran forth he wist not whither, and was wild wood as ever was man, and so he ran two year, and never man might have grace to know him." His various ad-

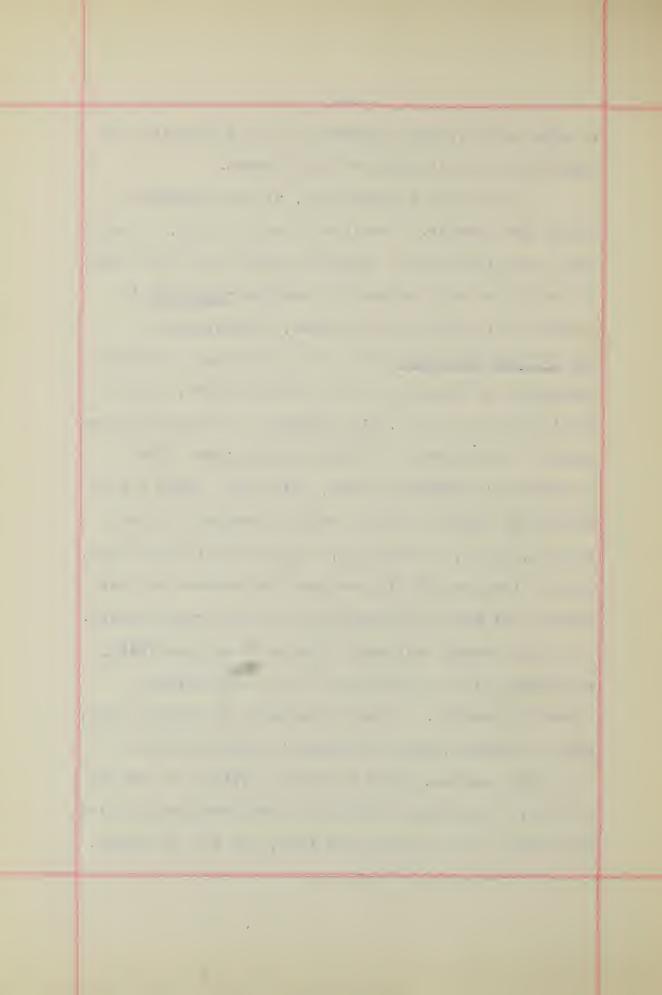


ventures are described; how he comes upon a knight by a pavilion, and deals him a cruel blow, but they said "It is not worship to hurt him, for he is a man out of his wit," and cared for him a year and a half; when his protector was set upon he broke chains from his arms and legs and saved him from his assailants; how when he fled he was again saved by the hermit and grew "more wooder than he was aforehand;" how when he went through the town the young men ran after and threw taunts at him, and how at last he was found by Elaine and saved by the presence of the San Greal. Throughout we feel the sympathy of the author, sweet as the compassion of his first captors; and there is, too, the same elemental force that there is in the similar bible narrative of Nebuchadnezzar.

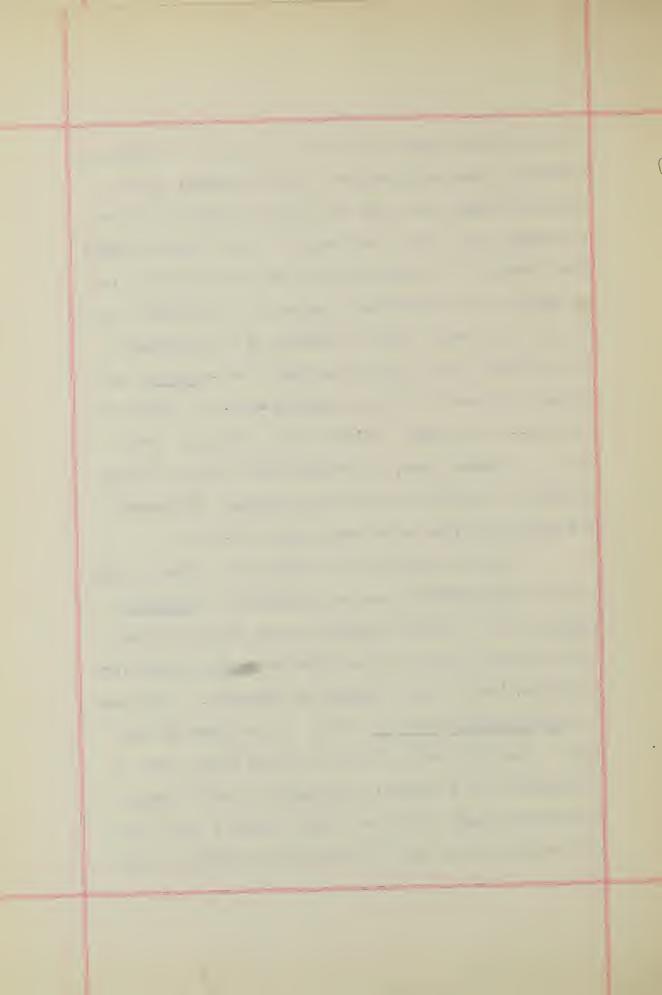
Swift, in the TALE OF A TUB, (1704) describes a visit to Bedlam, simply to explain how various wildly affected inmates could advantageously replace various public officers, and in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, (1726) mentions a professor, furiously mades for he taught that rulers should be unselfish and honest. The reference in both cases is very incidental, but in view of his pitiful madness, it is interesting

. olto note that his only references to the demoniac are among the very bitterest of his remarks.

Of the first great four, all but Fielding employ the lunatic. Previous to examination, it would seem that Richardson's somewhat restricted field would not admit any such character; and the reasoning is correct, for while the only case, Clementine, in SIR CHARLES GRANDISON (1753) is one of the principal characters of the book, she is mad for love, in the first place, and, too, our interest is in watching her recover. She serves a twofold purpose; she shows Sir Charles' wonderful charm, which will throw a girl out of her senses, and his equally wonderful unselfishness, which, to cure her, would make him marry her, even in the face of his own love for another and her family, but not to the sacrifice of his Protestantism. It is all wrought out very slowly--Richardson fairly embroiders all his novels -- but with considerable dramatic interest. We are interested in and pity her. and Sir Charles, and Sir Charles's really beloved; as the story goes on, added to by the letters of one and another. Her madness was due to her greatness of mind, the combat of her reason and love, and is, of course,



Smollett gives us two cases; the first in the hospital inspection scene on shipboard in RODERICK RANDOL (1740), which Thackeray calls among the most horribly real things in our fiction, appears but for a little, yet is more typical of Smollett. The other in SIR LAUNCELCT GREAVES (1762) is the hero of the book. Smollett was a doctor, and the first case is described with a doctor's knowledge of how insanity manifests itself. The mad sailor tells a sane, circumstantial story of his having been chained in the



hospital for malice, because he had told that the "officer's wife had kept a gin-shop in Rag-fair."

Once free, he leaps first at the Captain and then overboard to his death. The whole scene is conducted in a vain of mingled humor and sickening horror--it is real life.

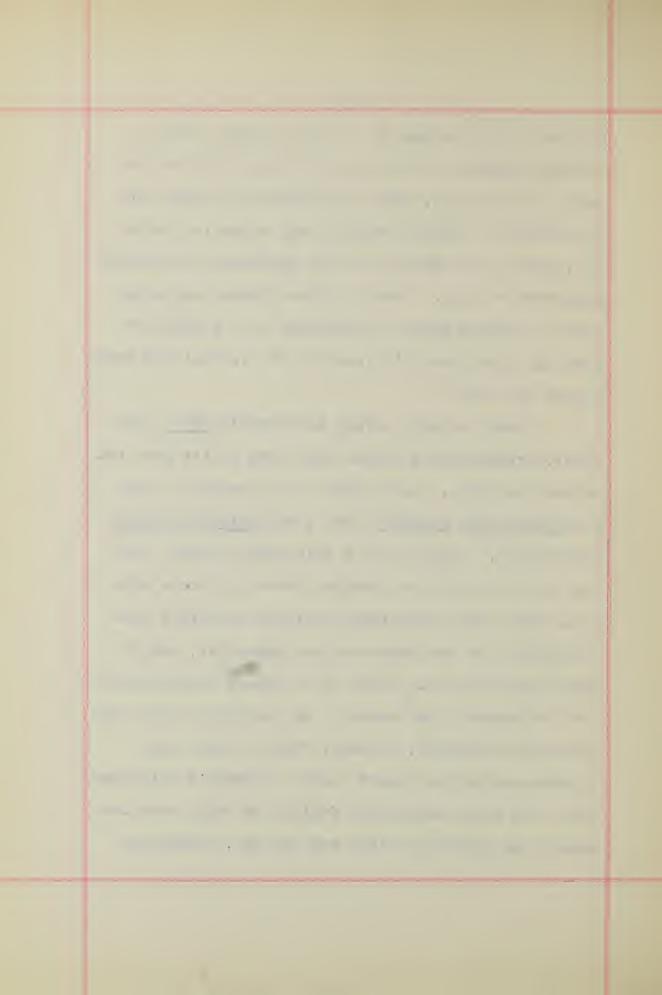
In passing to SIR LAUNCELOT it may be said that the critics give it a low rank; and it is a close imitation of Don Quixote, but the "Sir" is as English as the "Don" is Spanish, and I agree with Thackeray's Colonel Newcome that he is one of the truest gentlemen in fiction -- as needs must be on the pattern of the Spaniard. He arouses our love and sympathy from the time he first appears in armor, with no mark of madness save the wildness of his eye, and we learn he was driven mad by thwarted love, and as we follow him through his honest career, to that scene in the asylum, where he discovers his wrongly confined sweetheart and his own wits, respect is increasingly added. aping of him by the old sea captain gives a touch of broad farce which is funny in itself, but adds nothing to the force of the story.

Perhaps it is the least of his books, but

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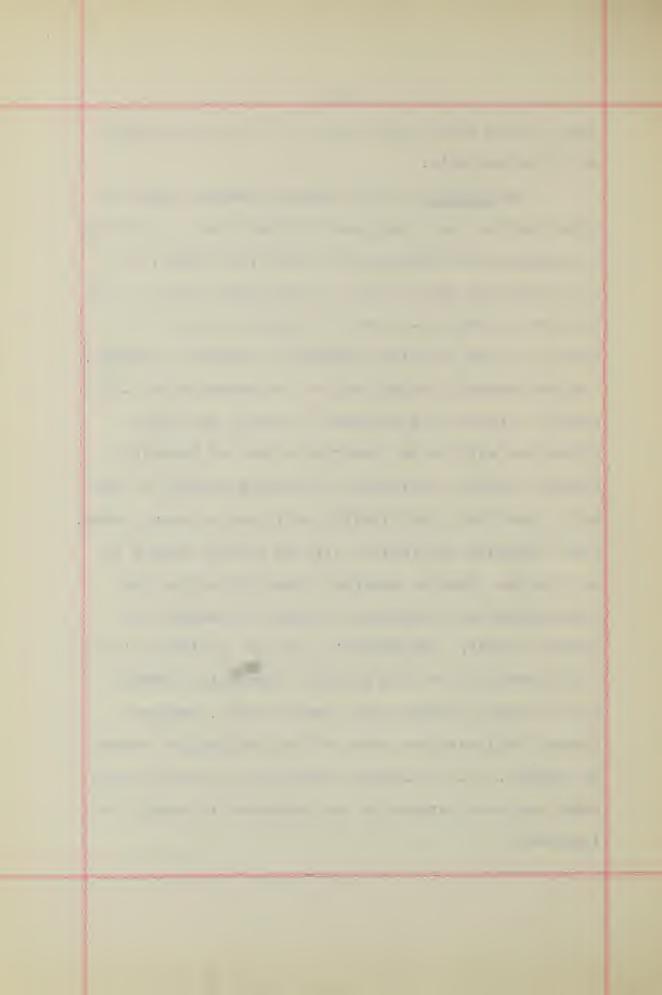
Smollett's kind usage of his hero, toward whom he himself appears to hold about the same idea as that doctor in the book, who relinquished his opinion of his insanity "without adopting any other in lieu of it", adds to our opinion of his sympathy and personal cleanness of soul. Perhaps Sidney Lanier had never read it, and so found no exception to the books of that age which made him feel "as if his soul had been out in the rain."

Scott himself refers to Sterne's MARIA, the sweet, brokenhearted maiden who lived by the road and watched her goat. She appears for a moment in both the SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (1768), and TRISTRAM SHANDY (1759-1767). "She was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted (a little fantastically) on one side--she was beautiful, and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heartache, it was the moment I saw her--". As she looks sadly from the goat to himself, he asks, "Well, Maria, what resemblance do you find?" Such is Sterne's attitude; pity; the same sentimental feeling he would have had toward any beautiful girl; and the sly, cheapening



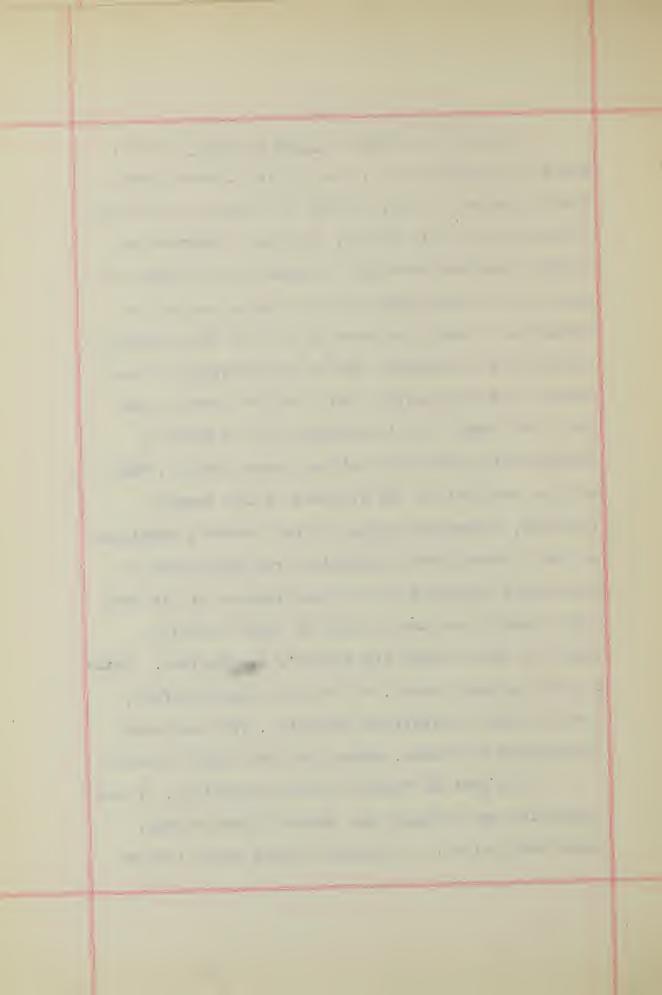
joke that he could never restrain, in his own person or his character's.

In RASSELAS, (1759) Samuel Johnson describes among the men whom the young travelers see, an ancient astronomer, who impresses them with his wisdom, but who tells them that he has a dread power over all conditions of weather -- he cannot logically prove the matter, so has sometimes suspected himself of madness, but has tested it repeatedly and he knows he has this ability. One of the maidens is amused, and Imlac chides the girl in an inspiring speech of beautiful classic diction, explaining the real greatness of the man's intellect, the liability all have to equal error, from indulging in fiction, till we finally accept it as reality. Then by carefully associating the old philosopher with realities his mind thoroughly reasserts itself. The Doctor's purpose is didactic; and the introduction of the sage old momomaniac permits him to arouse sympathy with mental error, caution against solitude, and treat of the philosophic nature of madness. It is the only instance in great fiction where the main purpose of the treatment is purely to instruct.



In William Godwin's CALEB WILLIAMS (1794), there is a curious case, Mr. Falkland, whom Godwin plainly draws as sane, and yet is unable to describe without calling him insane. He was a reserved and perfect gentleman who kills a rascal in a moment of anger, and is transformed into a being subject to "clenching" rages, followed by fits of melancholia; who permits an innocent man to be executed for the murder, and makes life a hell for his servant, the hero, who comes into the secret; all in order to maintain his good name: yet he leaves the lad, when he dies worn out by the violence of his inward struggle, impressed chiefly by his master's greatness of soul. Such utter alteration from gentleness to vindictive injustice for the maintenance of his name seems hardly less than a kind of moral insanity; though we must accept the author's conclusions. Nothing can be more absurd, as has been hinted before, than to make a fictitious character, from our sheer unclearness of vision, other than the author intends.

The last of William Godwin's scholars, if the expression may be used, was Edward Lytton Bulwer, later Earl Lytton. He touched almost every type of

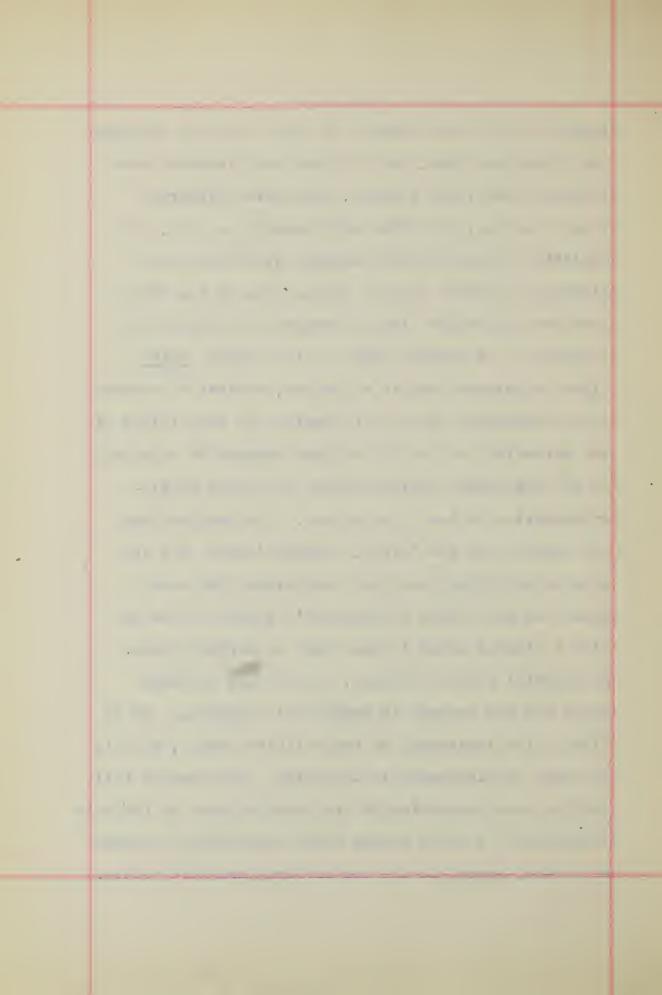


novel, but was at his best in the historical novel, though here, he says, he did not seek to bring history to the service of fiction, but fiction to the service of history. In the historical novels there is no case of lunacy, though in almost all of them he employs witches, something after the manner of Scott, but with less ease. Lytton's characters are more apt to creak at the joints than are Scott's. In the other works there are occasional examples, though infrequent as compared with Scott or even Dickens. One or two cases will be sufficient; from ERNEST MALTRAVERS—in which I think there is something of Godwin—and NICHT AND MCRNING, in which work Dicken's influence is said to be shown.

MALTRAVERS (1837) is the story of a man of remarkable constancy, yet of such a nature that he falls deeply in love with a number of various women at different stages in his life; nor do I think Lytton sufficiently harmonizes these facts. However, this is not a criticism of the book as such. The picture of the mad poet Cesarini is one of the most minutely disgusting scenes in our fiction. He went mad for love of one of Maltraver's sweethearts and is

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found in his room--"Huddled up like a heap of confused and jointless limbs, his strained and bloodshot eyes starting from their sockets, the slaver gathering round his lips, his raven hair standing on end, his delicate and symmetrical features distorted into a hideous and Gorgon aspect; in his eyes is the "Dim, erratic light which always checkers the darkness of insanity." He appears again in the sequel, ALICE, (1838) a melancholiac in an asylum, subject to relanse into a murderous mood at the mention of the villain of the narrative, his early delicacy changed to strength, as if "the animal portion gained by repose or disorganization of the intellectual." He escapes from the asylum with the "King", another inmate; and the egotism of royalty and poet soon clash. The scene where the king leaps at Cesarini's throat, to be met with a blazing brand in the face, is strongly told. As Cesarini flees in frenzy, we are told he heard music and was brought to realize his position. He is finally the instrument of the villain's death, and his own body is discovered in the Seine. This rather full outline shows something of the detailed care of Lytton's treatment. It reads almost like a physician's account of a case, except in the two or three dramatic points.



The disease is even logically and morally accounted for. "He had pampered," Bulwer says, "every unwholesome feeling as a token of the exuberance of genius until all his mental and moral fibres were weakened." It all shows us the difference between a great story teller like Scott, who tells us about, and a writer of the second rank, who feels that he must talk of, various phenomena which arise. He has not even the excuse of purpose which underlies Reade's imparting of information, and yet he does full more disquisitioning.

In <u>NIGHT AND MORNING</u> (1838) his tracing of the development of the character of Fanny, a child who was all heart, and almost lacking of intellect, through her feelings, is more pleasing. The weirdness of her early condition is well shown by a verse of one of her songs--after the manner of Scott.

"I watched her eyes when I was young,
Until they turned my brain,
And now, I often weep to think
'Twill ne'er be right again."

The interest here is really in her progress to true sanity, but there is an element of morbidness in the earlier part of the treatment.

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For the blending of human interest with morbid awe, Wilkie Collin's WOMAN IN WHITE (1860), as the name might indicate, is perhaps the best example in English prose. It is a novel of plot, and as it would take too much time to tell the story, we must be content with a description of the character, Anne Catherick. She is a pitiful, faintly colored, girl with two main obsessions, a fear of the villain of the story, who at one time had caused her incarceration in an asylum, and a great love for the memory of a woman who had befriended her in childhood, in whose honor she ever wears white, and whose grave she haunts when possible. These two things are the explanation of all her conduct; and the struggle between her fear and love is indicated with great skill in the events of the story, though, to be sure, there is no psychological discussion of the inward conflict. The critic who termed her a "puppet heroine" clearly demands careful verbal explanation, and cannot draw close inferences for himself.

She fully arouses sympathy, and admiration for her heroism, for though to us the cause of fear may seem insufficient, it was real to her. At the same

1 - - 111 time her ghostlike flittings affect our nerves with pleasant fear.

of wild, animal, raging madness should be by a woman; (JANE EYRE, 1847). That the exigencies of the plot demand such a character may be a part explanation—we have a married man in love with a girl, and nothing but a horrible case of madness—sufficient to make her a mere beast, so that Rochester says he does not feel that he is bound by any moral ties—could excuse it to our moral sense.

From the first sound of demoniac laughter, through the nerve racking scene where she visits

Jane's room, but leaves her unharmed, through to that climatic scene after the stopped wedding where we see her "running backward and forward; groveling on all fours", growling like a hyena, and thrusting back the grizzled hair from her purple, bloated face, and finally leaping at Rochester and trying to suck blood from his throat; to the last scene where she leaps from the battlements of the burning building, she is a bringer of terror, a clean, physical, horror; which has not much that is morbid in it, and leaves us re-

=9 m 0 spect for Charlotte Bronte's womanliness. Incidentally, the same thing is true of her sister's <u>WUTHERING</u>

<u>HEIGHTS</u>. A resumee of the book leaves one with an unclean feeling; the book itself, with all its same madness, so much worse than actual insanity, by its intensity purifies the horror; and a comparison of the two explains once for all what Aristotle meant by "a purgation of those emotions".

William Harrison Ainsworth in JACK SHEPPARD (1839) incarcerates Jack's mother, driven mad by evil machination, in Bedlam, evidently for the purpose of describing the place, in view of the fact that he deliberately inserts a great deal of description in all his works, and that the title of his masterpiece is THE TOWER OF LONDON. The picture of Bethlehem is very exact, and not lofty enough to relieve it of disgust, if any account of an insane asylum could be so elevated in tone. He explains that it was modelled after the Tuilleries, so that King Louis, in retaliation had "barns built on the model of St. James", and Ned Ward wrote "that the chief of the city were in danger, and so made it noble for their own reception". While in contrast the lunatics were exhibited regularly as

a public show. Then he goes on to describe some of the inmates; the half naked creature with a straw crown; the musician with a child's fiddle; the "grinning, gibbering lunatic; that Jack sees on his way to his mother, and finally her cell, where she lies in chains on the straw, meagre and white, with shaved head, swathed in rags, and smiles upon his as an angel, for she believed she had murdered him to save him from hanging, but finally she recognized him and recovered her wits. The pleasing treatment by attendants of that period is shown by her prayers that her blanket be left, and that they do not drench her or scourge her. The scene shows Ainsworth's newspaper ability to observe externals, and his equal inability to reach much depth.

Charles Kingsley, in ALTON LOCKE (1849) draws a picture of an old sweatshop keeper, become poverty stricken, killing his wife and children in alcholic insanity, and drowning himself. It is a case of poetic justice; Kingsley writes to show the horrors of the thing that will drive a man to such extremes, and also to bring just retribution to this man for his earlier cruelties. In HEREWARD, THE LAST OF THE

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ENGLISH (1866), Kingsley draws a lunatic, something after the manner of Scott, which is more typical of him at his best; for Kingsley, even more than Lytton, is strongest in his historical novels. Martin Lightfoot, a lean, bony, taciturn retainer, with madness glowing in his eyes, had been raised in a monactery, where he was thought foolish; and had permitted them all to believe it. He later came into the service of Hereward's family, and followed Hereward on his journeys when he was outlawed, showing no signs of his weakness, until he came upon his father -- whom as a boy he had seen kill his slave mother -- and he straightway murdered him, telling Hereward simply, "It was my father". After that he got a "trick of stroking and patting his little axe, and talking to it, as if it had been alive." But, even then, "he was as a third hand and foot to him." His allegiance gradually changed to Hereward's wife, however, and when Hereward deserted her after some years, he carried her on his shoulder "in the strength of madness" to the monastery, and always kept a strange courtesy and delicacy toward her in spite of his insanity. Finally, Hereward is killed in a fight, and at the close we see Martin take his head from a tower, where it has been

mounted, hold it on his knees and chide it. The whole account is poetic. Martin inspires a kind of wonder, rather than horror or pity. It is as if Kingsley was inspired of something of the Anglo-Saxon spirit. The story gives a feeling of remoteness, and yet of kinship, like that given by Beowulf; and is permeated with the same spirit of bloodthirsty gentleness.

cardinal Newman's CALLISTA (1857) tells a story of demoniacal possession. The book as a whole is rather lumbering and not particularly interesting, save for the author, but it is strong in the description of Juba's possession, which controls him against his will from the moment a beast is thrown at him by a witch; filling him with superhuman strength; forcing him to sing Bacchic songs in Greek, a language which he knew not, and to lick the blood of the sacrifices to Pan; riding him, like a weight on the chest, until he is relieved by the touch of martyred Callista's body, and leaping into the air, falls back quieted and freed, but an idiot, from which state he is only relieved a little before his death.

Among the later writers, George MacDonald, in THE PORTENT (1864) gives an interesting account of

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a girl, not unlike Lytton's FANNY, who can learn only through the aid of her affections; the tone of the book is much more mysterious, but less morbid. In EVAN HARRINGTON (1861) George Meredith introduces the mad Captain Everard, but gives no particular characterization beyond the choppiness of his language, as he introduces him simply as a hinge for certain movements in the plot.

Thomas Hardy, in A PAIR OF BLUE EYES (1872-3) employs Mrs. Jethway as an aid to the plot, without giving much characterization. He requires an enemy for a girl whose nature admits of no hostility, and Mrs. Jethway, maddened by her son's death, fancies the girl had been unkind to him, and so fulfills the requirements, her sad, accidental death relieving her of our last vestige of resentment. In <u>FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD</u>, he draws a skilful picture of a calm, reserved farmer, shaken by "care and hopeless love" and driven to murder, under a final sudden strain, his voice "far off, as in a dungeon", his veins "swollen and his eyes frenzied." It all arouses pity, and little horror. The man had finally urged his beloved to consent to a six year engagement, and had

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tried to comfort himself with that; and after his death, it was found that he had provided many things for the remote wedding. Hardy says "It was astonishing, now that a genuine presumption of insanity was raised, how many colleteral circumstances were remembered, to which the condition of an unsound mind afforded the only explanation; and the whole story leads us to wonder how many times we are all in danger of violent insanity"--if the shock in his case had been of an opposite nature he would have recovered, and the weakness never been suspected.

Although the date is such(1892) that it cannot be discussed here, mention may be made of the curious insanity of dual personality in Sir Walter Besant's <u>IVORY GATE</u>, which is wholly unlike the case of Jekyll and Hyde in Robert Louis Stevenson's well known novel.

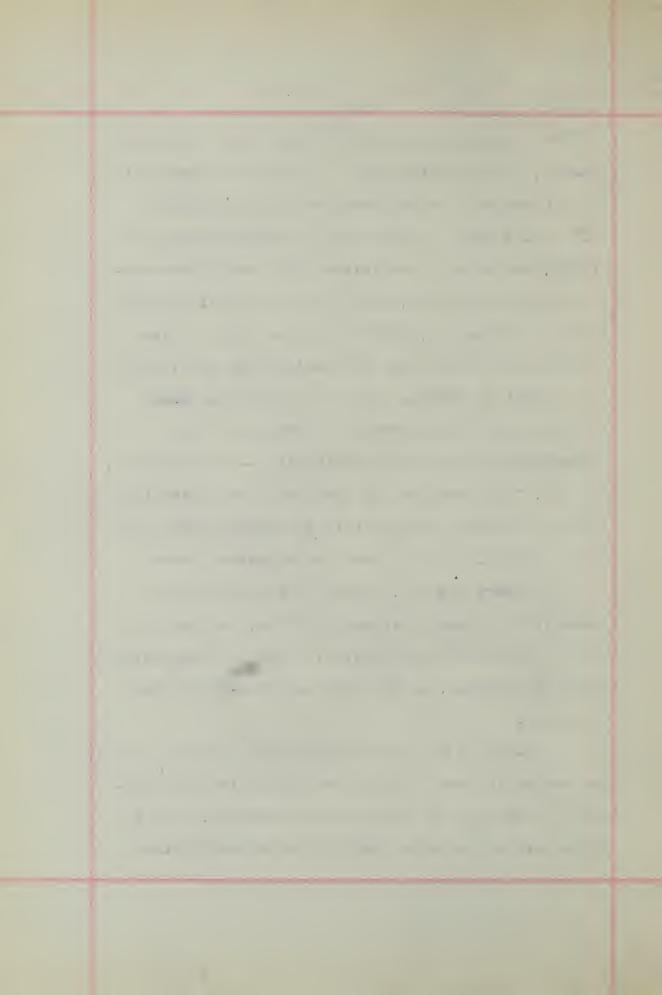
It is now necessary to return to James Hogg's CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC (1820), before taking up two groups of authors; those writing humorously, and those discussing asylums. The work is the only one I know of which deals wholly with the adventures of a maniac, and that, too, from the maniac's standpoint. Hogg in

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the first part of the work tells the story from the outside, and the latter half is devoted to the man's own confession. He believes he is commissioned to kill to the glory of God, and is helped by one Gil-Wartin, who appears now in one form, now in another-sometimes as the Czar, again as his double; now the fanatic believes he, himself, is two men, and yet associates his real self with neither of them; again he is beset by demons. It is all told with such particularity and appearance of reasoning that it gets a tremendous hold on the imagination -- for instance, he says, "The constant and unnatural persuasion that I was my brother, proved it to my satisfaction, and must, I think, do so to every unprejudiced person."

Toward the end, there are periods when he loses track of long intervals of time, and yet when told of deeds he has committed, instead of connecting them with himself, he believes that Gil-Martin had done them.

There is no gradual development scene by scene, the reader is made to think out connections for himself, as if the work was genuine; moreover, in the first part of the book there are accounts of other



people having seen his double with him, which leads us to question whether he was insane or whether it was a "wonder story," until we remember that that part is a traditional account, and that in the progress of years, it would be strange if his attendant was not visualized by someone. By propounding such puzzles as this, and not indicating that they are puzzles, Hogg forces the reader to dwell on the inconsistencies, and gives it the force of some puzzling and mysterious reality.

The purpose of the story is not high enough to make a great work out of it, but such as it is, it is done with consummate skill.

Discussion of the humorous use of insanity introduces the ethical question as to the decency of ridiculing infirmity. Now, in his introduction to JOSEPH ANDREWS, Fielding says that affectation is the only source of the truly ridiculous, and that affection is due to hypocrisy or vanity. While most of us would extend this, surely no one would restrict it further; and consequently, when it is remembered that certain types of insanity are marked chiefly by overweening conceit; desire to call attention to self -- Lord Lytton even says, I believe, all forms of insan-

the state of the s , a ity--it seems that a lunatic handled with some degree of sympathy may be fair "prey".

The most charmingly absurd lunatic is, of course, described by an Irishman. In HANDY ANDY (1842). Lover tells about old Mrs. O'Grady. spent most of her time in her room reading novels, but on state occasions, she emerged, wonderfully arrayed and wearing on her head "a tin concern, something like a chimney-cowl, ornamented by a small weather-cock." This, she declared, influenced her health wonderfully, by indicating the variation of the wind in her stomach, which she maintained to be the grand ruling principle of human existence. She became filled with the idea that a certain Furlong had wronged her granddaughter, and, learning pistolpractice from her grandson -- a howling episode -challenged him to a duel, referring to her cuckoo from the clock as an appropriate witness. "He is a gentleman of the nicest honour, "quoth she.

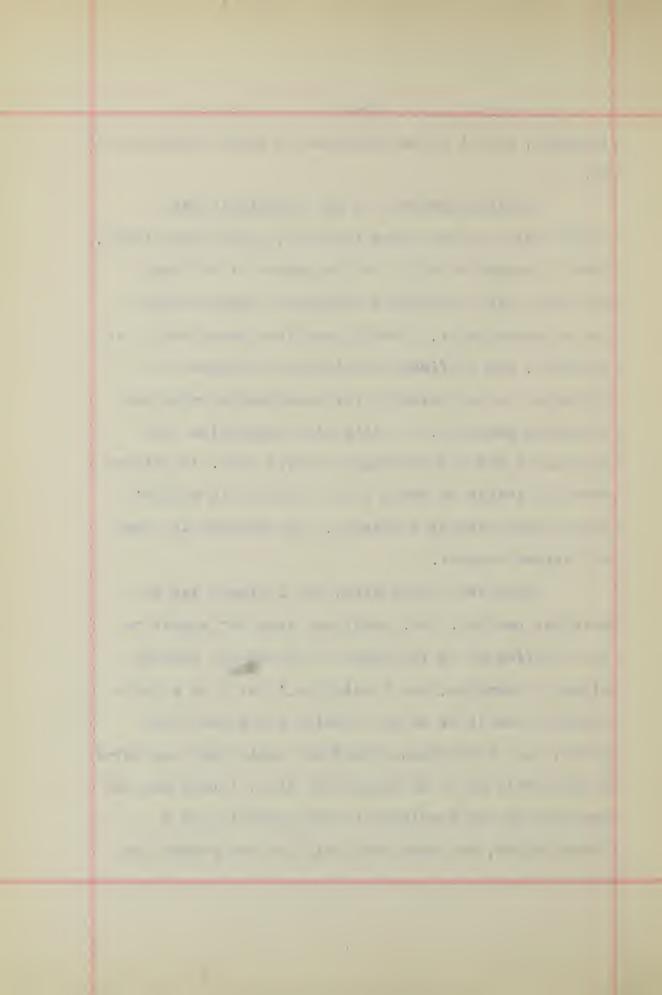
There is more, but enough has been said. It is, of course, not deep, though Lover has some wise side remarks on the kinship of madness to genius and common sense, and the power of affection to recall

The state of the s judgment, but it is as wholesome as honest laughter can be.

Captain Marryat, in MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY,

(1836) which is even more farcical, though less funny,
draws a companion male, in the person of old Easy,
who from being a harmless believer in equal rights
and a phrenologist, finally goes from eccentricity to
insanity, and is finally accidentally hanged in a
"machine" he had invented for suppressing crime and
elevating humanity, by artificial depression and
raising of bad and good bumps on the head. An extract
from the letter he wrote to his son on his mother's
death shows Marryat typically, and obviates the need
of further comment.

"She was a good wife, and I always let her have her own way. Dr. Middleton does not appear to be satisfied as to the cause of her death, and has wished to examine, but I said 'No,' for I am a philosopher, and it is no use looking for cause after effect; but I have done since her death what she never would permit me to do during her life, I have had her head shaved and examined it very carefully as a phrenologist, and most curiously has she proved the



truth of the sublime science.

I have electrified them with my speeches, but
I am getting old and feeble; I require my son to leave
my mantle to, as one prophet to another, and then I
will bless him and ascend to glory.

Your affectionate father,
Nicodemus Easy."

Jane and Meg Gaffory, mother and daughter,

"daft bodies," in Galt's ANNALS OF THE PARISH, must
be mentioned in passing. They are creatures of humor,
not of fun; for, while they amuse us almost to tears
by their aping of their betters, and half wise conversation, they win a full need of pity, and poor
Meg's uncomprehending formality in imitation of her
neighbors, at her mother's death, and her demented
grief at the marriage of the gentleman she had regarded as a lover, and tried pitifully to attract,
are genuine bits of tragedy. "A lang night is meet
for a bridal," she said, as she ran to her death,
"but none shall be langer than mine."

From Smollett to Charles Reade, there is hardly a novel which mentions lunatic asylums, except to incarcerate there some sane or harmless person.

and all, without exception, complain, directly or indirectly, of public or private madhouses. In LAUNCELOT GREAVES, as has been said, the heroine was wrongly confined, and Smollett says, comparing doctor and patient—be it remembered that he was a physician—"It seemed very hard that one man should not dare to ask the most ordinary question without being reputed mad, while another should talk nonsense by the hour and yet be esteemed as an oracle! He speaks of the injustice of laws that will permit the incarceration of fathers by children, wives by husbands, and innocents by enemies, and questions whether the Bastile or Inquisition were as bad as private madhouses.

Charles Maturin, in MELMOTH, (1820) tells of a sane man wrongly confined, and describes the scene in the mad-house at length. (I have been able to discover this work only in part.)

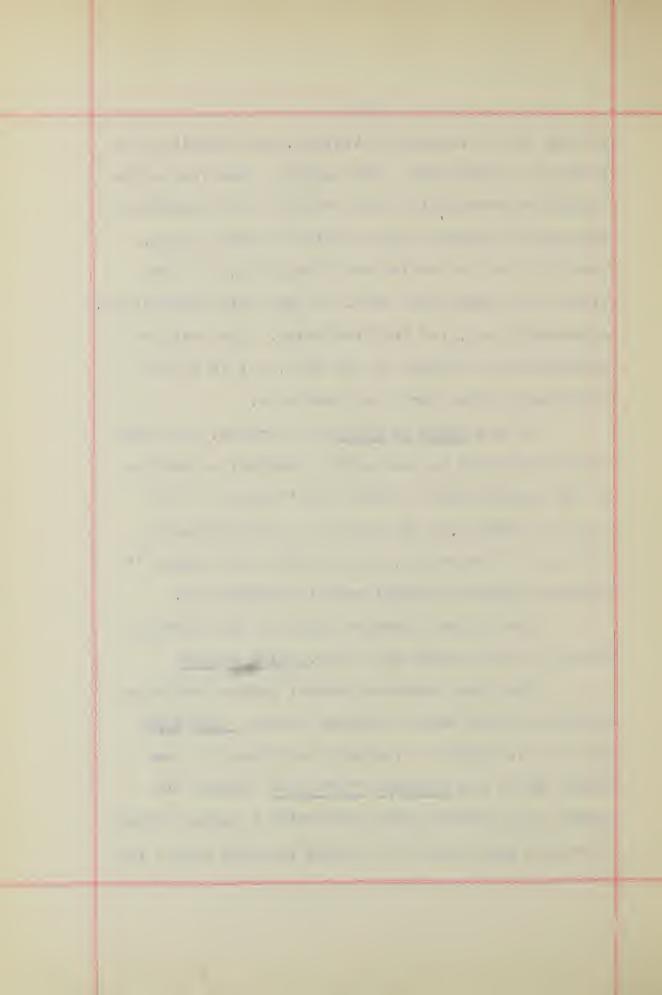
Henry Cockton, in <u>VALENTINE VOX</u>, or the <u>VENTRILOQUIST</u> (1840) a long book, with episodes hung together like beads on a string, which is funny until it begins to get wearisome, goes out of his way to deal a savage blow at private houses. He tells, with a good deal of power, of the incarceration of a

wealthy man by his poorer brother, and describes the treatment he received. For example, when the public inspectors were making their rounds, the attendants, knowing the prisoner would insist on seeing them, bound him so that motion was impossible, and then tickled his naked feet until he went into convulsions, dangerously mad, for the time being. The book had considerable influence at the time, but is of comparatively little merit as literature.

In the <u>WOMAN IN WHITE</u> the neroine, who bears much resemblance to the nominal heroine, is confined by her husband under the mad girl's name, and is actually driven out of her mind by the continual doubting of her sanity, so that after her rescue it requires long and patient care to restore her.

Even Captain Marryat tells of the incarceration of a sane woman as a joke. (Peter Simple)

The great crusader against private madhouses, however, was, of course, Charles Reade. HARD CASH has for its purpose a forceful indictment of the lunacy laws, and TERRIBLE TEMPTATION follows the matter up. Charles Reade works with a sledge hammer, blow upon blow; solid fact added to solid logic; his

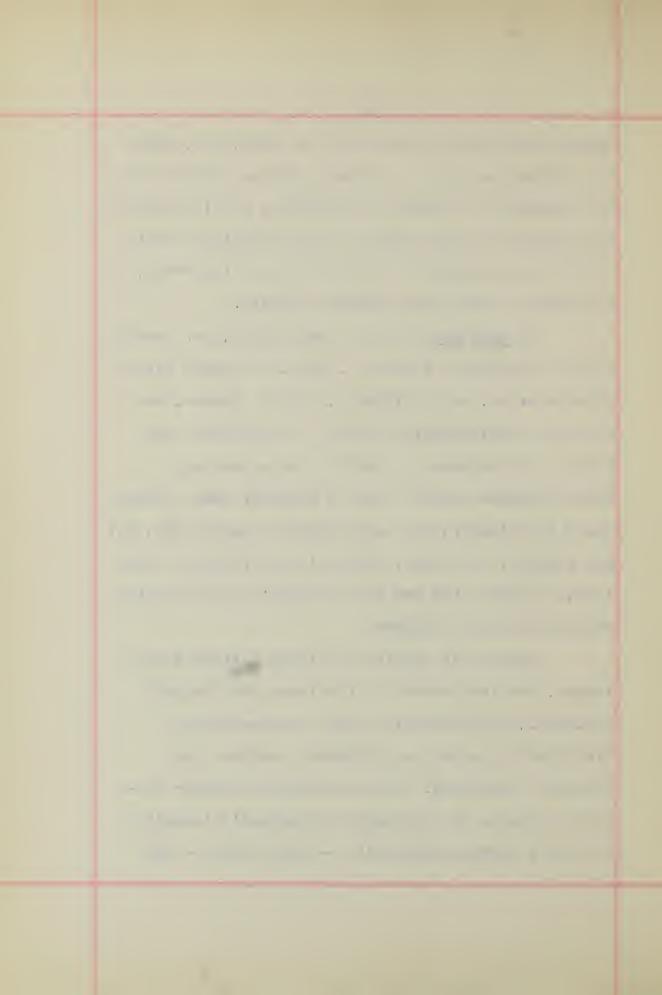


purpose and the story move side by side, and, while the critics say that an evident purpose detracts from the greatness of creative literature, yet in his case the attack on abuses seems to lend practical reality to the story, while the story vitalizes the facts, in a mutually helpful and artistic fashion.

In <u>HARD CASH</u> (1863), the villian, Mr. Hardie, by his dishonesty, drives Mr. Dodd, his son's future father-in-law, and a villager, Maxley, insane, and afterward deliberately confines his brilliant son Slfred in a madhouse to get him out of the way.

Reade provides material with a generous hand. Maxley fears for himself, and asks Hardie to commit him, but her refuses, and later, driven into a frenzy by the taunts of boys, the man kills Hardie's only daughter, fancying she is a serpent.

The son is confined in three different madhouses, and the customs of the three are minutely explained, much attention being bestowed on the "formulas" by which the attendants explain away visitors' questions. In one asylum the Doctor himself is insane on the subject of Hamlet's insanity; and had a curious propensity -- not insane -- for

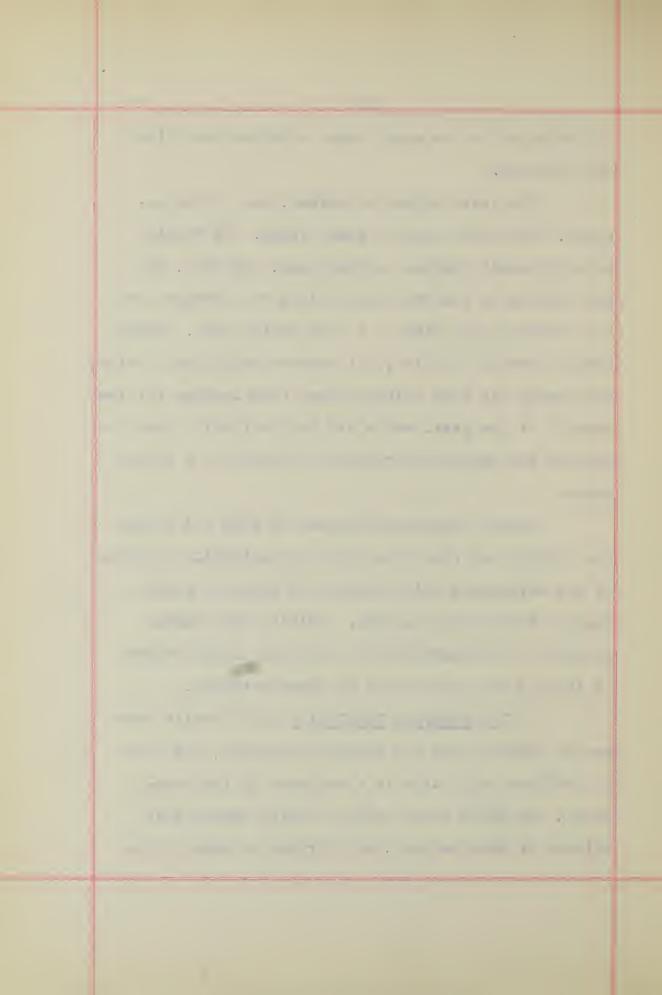


believing all to be crazy whose intellect was finer than his own.

The third asylum is burned, and Alfred escapes, with Dodd, whom he meets there. He finally gets his sanity legally established, and Dodd, who had hurried to the coast and sailed as a common seaman, recovers his with by a blow on the head. Maxley never recovers his mind, but becomes gentle and loving, and spends his time coining money from leather for the benefit of the poor; while old Hardie finally goes insane in the opposite direction, afflicted by a miserly mania.

Reade's characterizations of Dodd and Maxley are careful and ring true and sympathetically in spite of the miraculous coincidences and cases of poetic justice which mark the plot. Critics deny Reade sympathy; but underneath his forceful bluster there is implied the purest type of human kindness.

In THE TERRIBLE TEMPTATION (1871) while there are no madmen among the dramatis personae, the hero is confined for a time in a madhouse by his archenemy, and while there writes careful descriptive letters of what he sees, to a friend -- whom, it is



interesting to note, is a representation of Reade himself; big, rough, brutal on the outside and unselfish
and gentle within. The most surprising comment in
these letters is on the lack of variety in the manifestations of insanity, for he says there is more solid
eccentricity in the doctors than in the patients.

A case of temporary insanity is described in

A SIMPLETON (1873). It offers nothing of much interest, for Reade's concern in lunacy was that of a reformer, and not in the character of the lunatic.

We have madmen in plenty, and, in the first works mentioned, these characters are well developed, though chiefly by incident and action. For solid facts about insanity, Reade's novels are treasure houses.

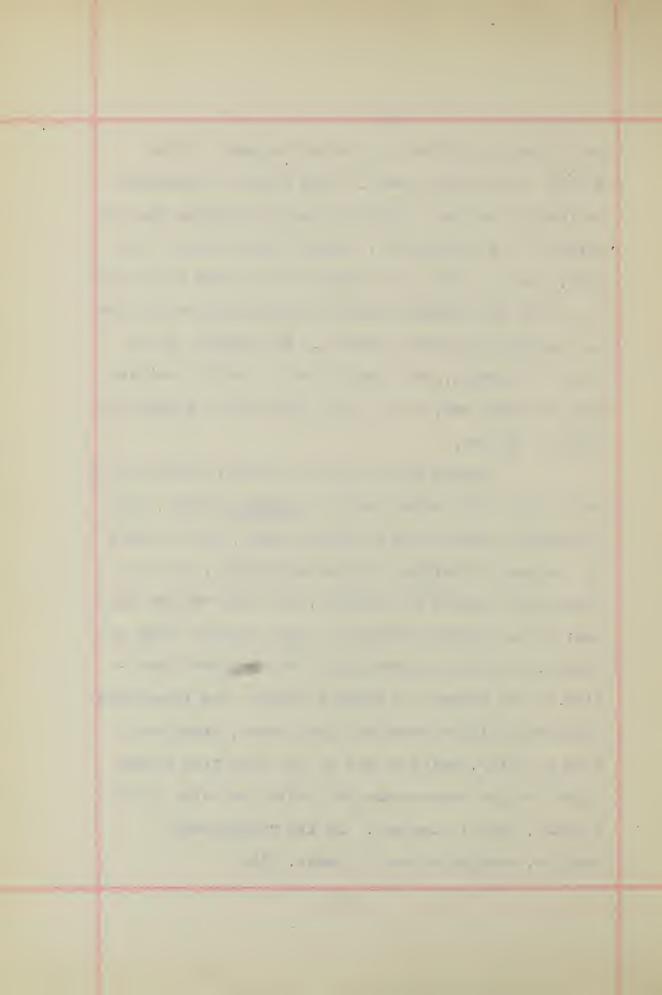
English fiction, it may be well to consider Jane
Austen for a moment, as a type of the authors whose
works contain no insane characters. In such a case
as that of Fielding, it appears to be mere chance;
in his variety of realistic personages there seems
to be no reason why no madmen should appear; unless,
to be sure, he had no conception of lunacy which
would pass the guard of his rule of the Ridiculous,

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even though he broke it in other respects. Miss

Austen, on the other hand, could hardly be expected
to include any such unconventional personages when we
think of the respectable, neither too rich nor too
poor, rank in which her novels are laid and that after
one trial she decided against placing another heroine
in a condition of real poverty. Her novels do not
lack in interest, and even possess a certain excitement of their own, but it is a sheltered and peaceful
scene of action.

George Eliot has but one main character to add to our list, Baldassarre in ROMOLA (1863), and she hardly regards him as truly insane, for in spite of his loss of ability of mind and memory, and his controlling desire for revenge, she says "he was not mad; for he carried within him that piteous stamp of sanity, the clear consciousness of shattered faculties." His efforts to control himself and invariable conscious failure under any excitement, steadfastly hold our pity, while we are at the same time almost aghast at the earnestness with which he holds to his purpose, even to the end. In the "prophetess" Camilla, consigning men to death, with



"the water of sweetness on her tongue", we have a momentary glimpse of a religious fanatic, but not enough to show anything of Eliot's treatment.

Thackeray's novels contain only one major insane character, due perhaps to his own unhappy wife's madness, as the infinite gentleness and tenderness with which he draws this character would assist us to believe. In CATHERINE, however, that "cathartic", as he calls it, a fearful story of the real life of a criminal, to discount what he considered the unwholesome effect of such novels as JACK SHEP-PARD; wherein he puts tragic speeches in the mouths of "barnyard cutthroats"; and turns about and sneers at the incongruity; he ironically describes a criminal, seeing the mounted head of a fellow, "sitting on the flags, staring full at the head and laughing, and talking to it wildly, and nodding at it. He was taken up a hopeless idiot and so lived for years and years, clanking the chain, and moaning under the lash, and howling through long nights when the moon peered through the bars of his solitary cell, and he buried his face in the straw". This inspires horror, to be sure, but the lofty "poetry" shows that it is

pretence.

In contrast, (see Note) is Madame Saverne in DENIS DUVAL, his last unfinished novel (1863). Her brain was affected at the birth of her child, she became inspired of a great fear of her husband, and fled to friends in England. There she grew worse, in mind and body; was constantly feverish; sometimes she could not bear her child and would not recognize it; again would lock herself up with it; used to call them all dukes and princes; and would sing in her poor crazy voice. Hearing of a woman who had been burnt for her husband's murder she said, "quite simply, 'In this case, . . . I shall be burned too, for you know I was the cause of my husband's being killed.'" "And she looked around with a little smile and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim white hands." In our whole fiction, it is the tenderest account of madness. We are not interested in her vagaries, nor even, as is most frequently the case, made to consider her simply as a human type, but we pity her in her mind's sickness. And the critics say Thackery lacks Note: A princess in a sub-story in Barry Lyndon dies

Note: A princess in a sub-story in <u>Barry Lyndon</u> dies insane.

sympathy! "Oh, pitiful was thy lot in the world, poor guiltless, harmless lady!" he says. "The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor, frightened spirit! it has woke under serener skies now, and passed out of reach of our terror and temptation and trouble."

In both Dickens and Scott the insane character is of such frequent, occurrence that space prevents individual examination of more than a single type or so, just as greater familiarity with these two authors makes it unnecessary.

Dickens almost invariably treats the madman as a human, different only in degree from the rest of his fellowmen, and subject to the same affections and passions, and he has a right to laugh at them or treat them in any way equally with the rest of mankind. it is of interest to note that there is no moral insanity in Dickens. His criminals are all same men, and responsible to God and man. This shows something of his high sense of morality and responsibility.

In <u>NICHOLAS NICKLEBY</u> (1838), twice appears "The Gentleman with Small Clothes", afflicted with erratic mania, and a delusion as to his personal grandeur, ordering splendidly such curious things

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as a "fricassee of boot-tops and goldfish sauce."

BARNABY RUDGE (1840-1) is the touching story of a half-witted boy, with his almost infernal friend and brother the raven GRIP; who, for all his mental lack, is unselfish, innocently proud, and wins our respect as well as do any of the sane men in the book. The novel is a historical story, of the time of the Lord George Gordon riots, and Dickens draws Gordon himself as a fanatic of curious dress and appearance, who wins an equal measure of disgust and sympathy. There is one striking interview between the two madmen, where the half-wit is glorified in contrast.

In A TALE OF TWO CITIES (1860) is the pathetic story of Dr. Manette, deprived of fine intelligence through long inprisonment; and, again, after recovery, by violent shock, so that he finds his only peace in monotonously making shoes.

Mr. Dick, that "florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a gray head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner", in <u>DAVID COPPERFIFED</u> (1849-1850) is, perhaps, the most lovable lunatic in English. His sage and commonplace remarks, his love for kiteflying and gingerbread, his never ending petitions

for the redress of his wrongs, from which he cannot keep King Charles' head, in which he is in some mysterious way connected; his unselfish affection for his friends, and simple efforts for their welfare, must make us all love him, as Steele says of Sir Roger, as much for his weakness as his goodness. In contrast, is Mrs. Stanforth, in perpetual mourning for her lost son.

In BLEAK HOUSE (1802-1803) is pathetic Miss Flite, a "little mad old woman in a squeezed bonnet", who as she said, had the "honor to attend court regularly. With my documents, I expect a judgment, shortly, on the day of Judgment. I have discovered that the sixth seal mentioned in the Revelation is the great seal. It has been open a long time." She, too, is devoted to her friends, with their "youth and hope and beauty", and to all created beings, having a great number of caged canaries, Hope, Joy, Life, Dust, Despair, Madness, Death, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, Spinach, and the rest, whom she is going to liberate as soon as her case is decided. The power of Dickens is well shown by the blow he strikes at legal delay by the little character and

her birds and their names. Old Mrs. Smallwood is pure comedy. She it is who has a money mania, in the insanity of old age, and, on the mention of any number bursts forth, "like a horrible old parrot without any plumage", in such manner as this; "twenty thousand pounds, twenty twenty-pound notes in a money box, twenty guineas, twenty million, twenty per cent, twenty -- " to be cut short by a pillow hurled by her aged and irascible husband.

It is largely claimed that Dickens presents types rather than individuals; but this statement is plainly too sweeping. As Professor Masson says, it is Micawberism and not Micawber, which is met with in real life; and this principle may be extended to many of Dicken's characters; but Barnaby Rudge and Mr. Dick, to go no further, are certainly strongly drawn personalities, and rather complete characters than idealized or caricaturized types.

Sir Walter Scott makes a very free use of mad characters, and a different employment from any other. He surely regards the lunatic within the pale of society, entitled to affection and consideration, just as fully as Dickens does; but he most often employs

them to heighten his impressions of the awesome. The madman, or more properly speaking, the madwoman, is frequently pictured as something almost more than human. Norna, the mad seer in the PIRATE, gives as genuine an impression of the supernatural, though we know her to be simply a deranged woman, as does the declared spirit, THE WHITE LADY OF AVENAL in THE MONASTERY. He presents one case of humorous lunatic, however, and several of more ordinary insanity.

A strange similarity exists in the manner of treatment of these insane women in the different novels, though as Scott himself almost indignantly states in one case, the individualities of the different characters are varied. They all come and go in a strange fashion, all sing snatches of wild song, and all give a curious wierd impression; but are themselves unlike each other.

Alice, in THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, Magdalene Graeme in THE ABBOTT, Elspeth, the supposed witch in the ANTIQUARY, though not actually insane, are in other respects in the same class with Norna, Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire; and Ulrica in Ivanhoe, who are; but the insanity intensifies our feeling of awe.

Meg Merrilies and Norna are soothsayers, and have about the same influence on the narrative of GUY MANNERING (1815) and the PIRATE (1821) that the weird sisters do in MACBETH. Merrilies is a gipsy, a mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm; a person rather of powerfully excited imagination than a genuine madwoman; Norna, a daughter of the old Norsemen; deranged by an early love affair, but with wonderful genius, impregnated with folklore, who lives like a prophetess, inspiring dread upon the country people.

Madge Wildfire in THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

(1818) is perhaps the most impressive of all Scott's

lunatics, as she is the maddest. She appears in

different moods; now singing such songs as the famous

"Proud Maisie is in the wood walking so early"; some
times describing how she wanders by night to the grave

of Allie Muschat, under the "beams of the bonny

Lady Moon, that's far pleasanter to me than the sun -
the sun's ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are

het enough already," and the spirit arises and talks

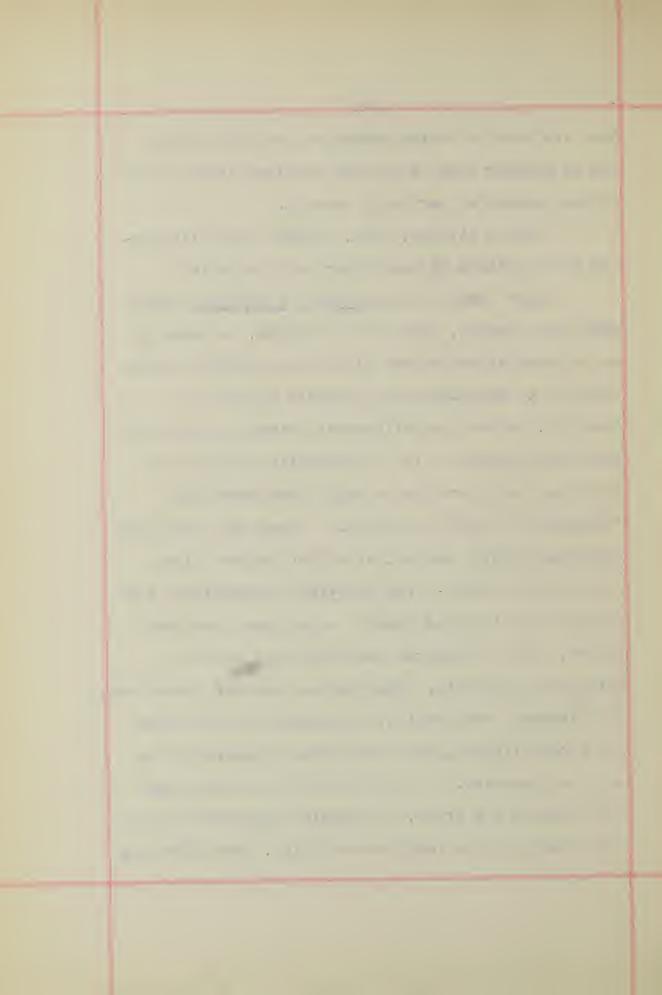
with her -- "her throat sair misguggled and maschacker
ed, though she wears her corpse-sheet well up to hide

it, but that canno hinder the bluid seeping through."

Once she goes to church decked in her best finery; and at another time we see her weeping pitiful tears at the thought of her early sorrows.

She is strange, wild, awesome and pitiful -the true creature of the "Wizard of the North".

That scene in the BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR (1819) where the heroine, maddened by despair, is found in her chamber after she has killed her husband, may be compared to advantage with Lytton's picture of Cesarini, to show the difference between awesome and disgusting horror -- It is interesting to note, by the side, that Lord Lytton calls Lammermoor the "loftiest of Scott's writings." "Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form -- her head-gear dishevelled; her nightclothes torn and dabbled with blood; her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac." "So you have taen up you bonny bridegroom", she cries, in grinning exultation; then goes from delirium into insensibility, from which she



wakes only to go into convulsions and die.

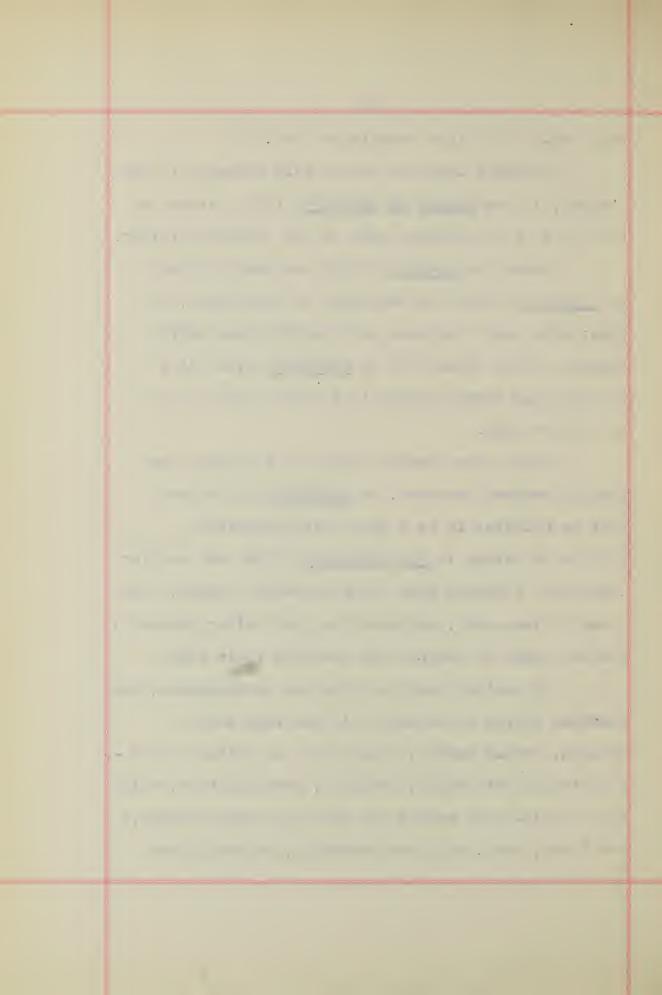
Somewhat like her is the wild madness of Lady M'Aulay, in the <u>LEGEND OF MONTROSE</u> (1819), crazed by the sight of the severed head of her murdered brother.

Wamba, in IVANHOE (1819) and David Gallathy in WAVERLEY (1814) are instances of the jester, or fool; with their compound of simplicity and extravagance, while James Duff in MANNERING, the idiot who attended every funeral in a white paper cap, is of similar type.

Scott gives several cases of religious insanity: General Harrison, in WOODSTOCK (1826) has
what he believes to be a duel with Zerubbabel;
Balfour of Burley in CLD MORTALITY (1816) has similar
conflicts; although they are both hardly insane, from
a legal view-point, any more than was Oliver Cromwell;
and had power to control and postpone their fits.

Of another stamp is Habbakuk Mucklewraith, the preacher crazed by hardship (in the same work).

"Ragged, hardly decent, long beard, as white as snow -- and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and stormy visage," and "eyes, gray, wild and wandering, evidently be-



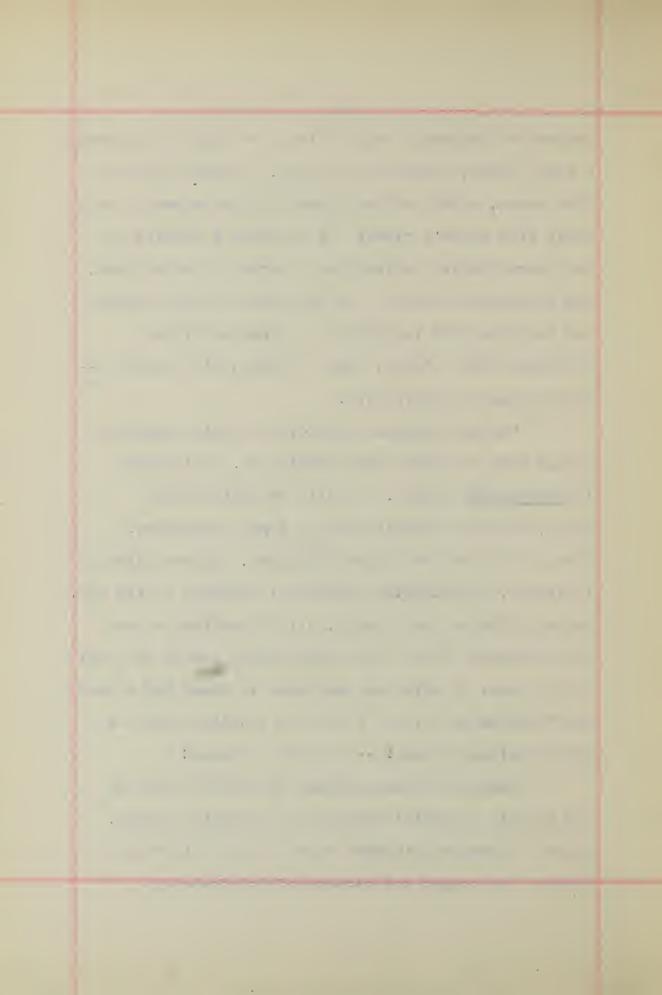
tokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long, lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws! He preaches a message he had heard "howled in the wind, roared in the billows, and screeched, clanged, and whistled with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea birds."

The voice cried, "Slay, slay -- smite, slay utterly -- let not your eye have pity."

The one humorous character is Peter Peebles, of the case of "Poor Peter Peebles vs. Plainstone" in REDGAUNTLET (1824), a victim of Scotch legal delay, with his affectations of legal importance.

"Now he laid his hand upon his bosom, and now flinging it abroad, he gallantly snapped his fingers in the air. He was affected, says Scott, with "Plenitude of hat and celsitude of wit." His most famous remark was that on his case; "I have not been able to sleep for a week for thinking of it, and I dare say, neither has the Lord President himsel! -- for such a cause!"

These faint suggestions may give an idea of the variety of Scott's skill as a character drawer. He was perhaps at his very best in these minor characters. He obeyed the dictate of Aristotle by



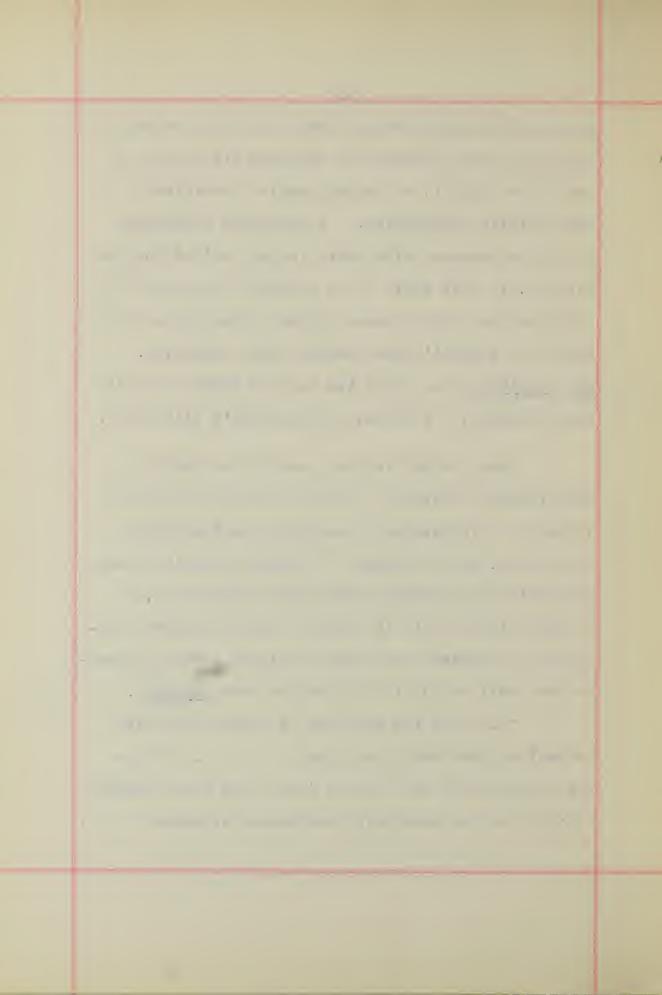
choosing his heroes mainly from the higher walks of life; and then proceeded to disprove the dictum, at least for nimself, by making numbler characters much more vitally interesting. If these mad characters are to be compared with those in the rest of English fiction, it will leave in us a strong imputation of error on the part of those writers, from Taine down, who hint at Scott's poor insight into character.

MEG MERRILIES will stand the test of comparison with any mad woman, I believe, in the world's literature.

Such are the various uses of the lunatic by the principal writers of English fiction; differing in kind, as incidental or essential to the story; in purpose, and in manner. It seems to me that such an examination suggests much about the writers, as I have tried to note in passing; and the general conclusion as regards our proper attitude toward the madman may well be put in a quotation from RASSELAS.

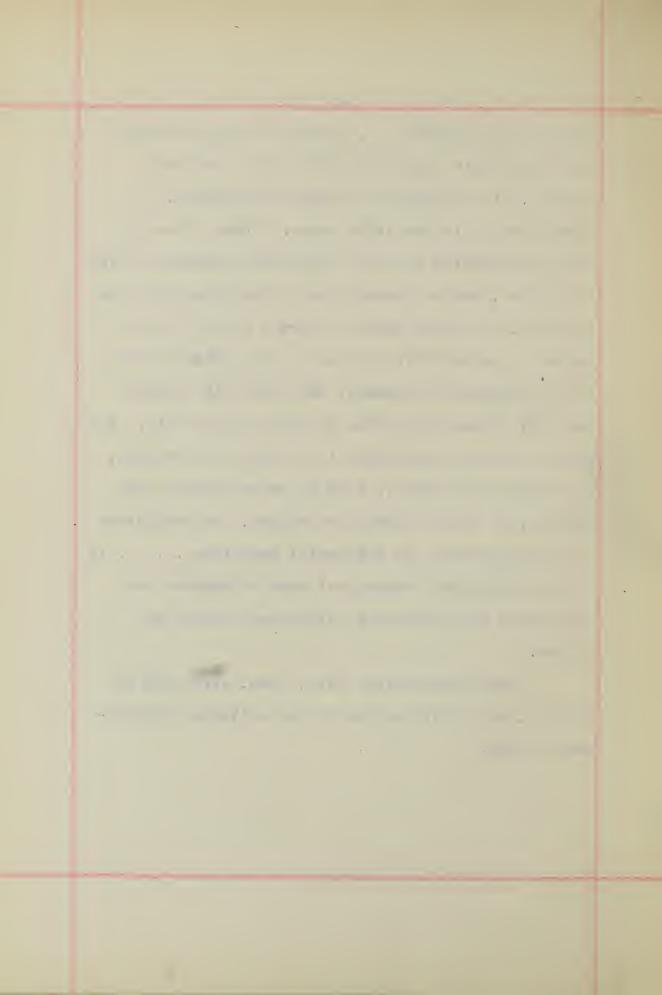
"To mark the heaviest of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wise. . . . Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful calamity is the uncertain continuance of reason . . .





Disorder of intellect . . . happens much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Pernaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in the right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whom airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope and fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity, but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties It is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable and apparently influences speech, or action!

Such examination, must, then, urge upon us charity, and a firm belief in the universal brother-hood of man.



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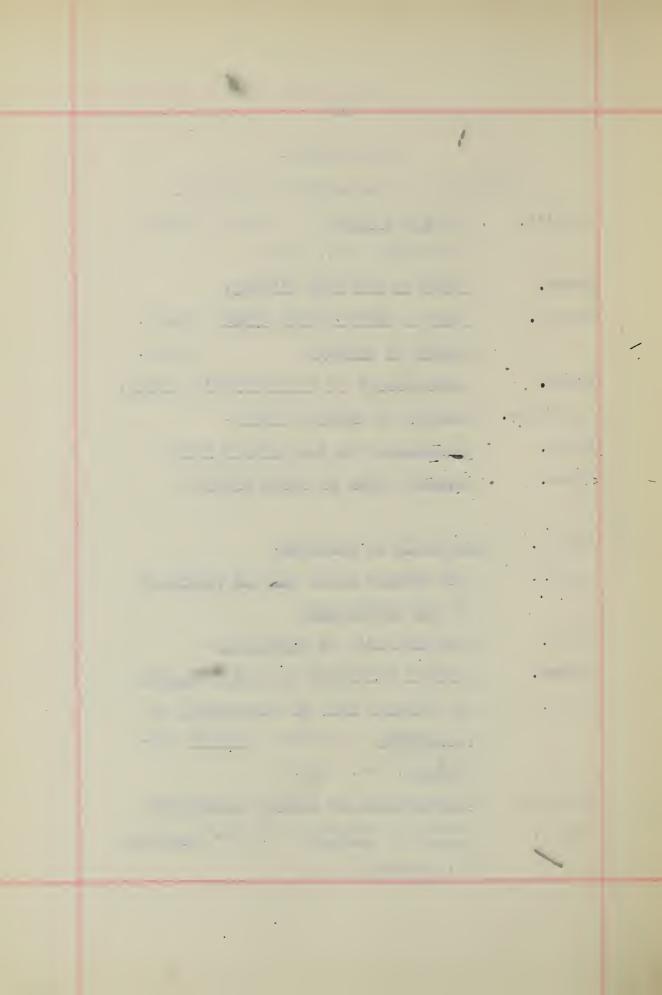
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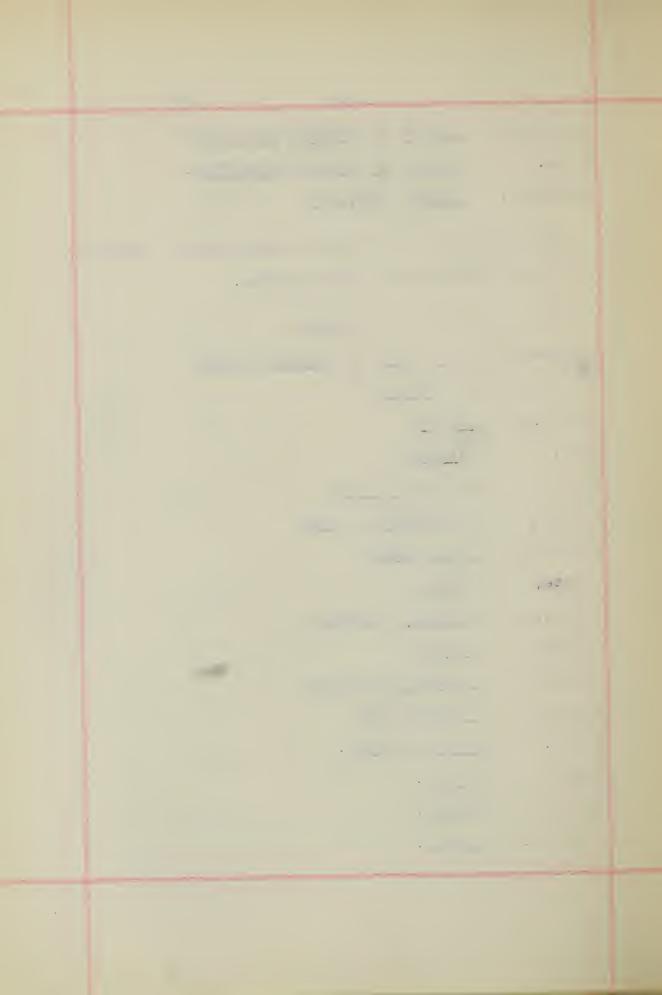
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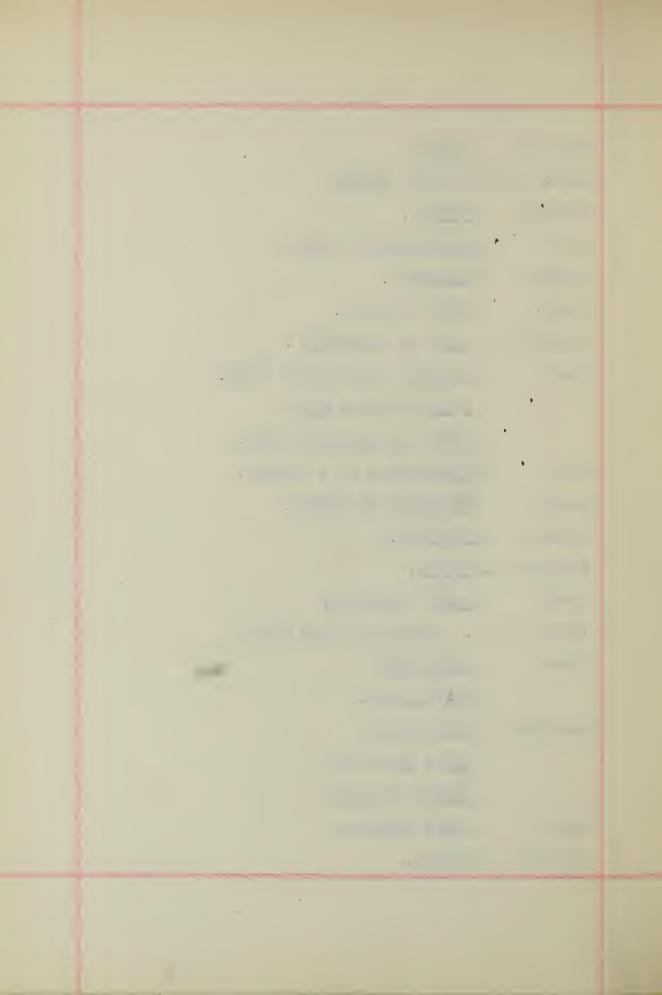
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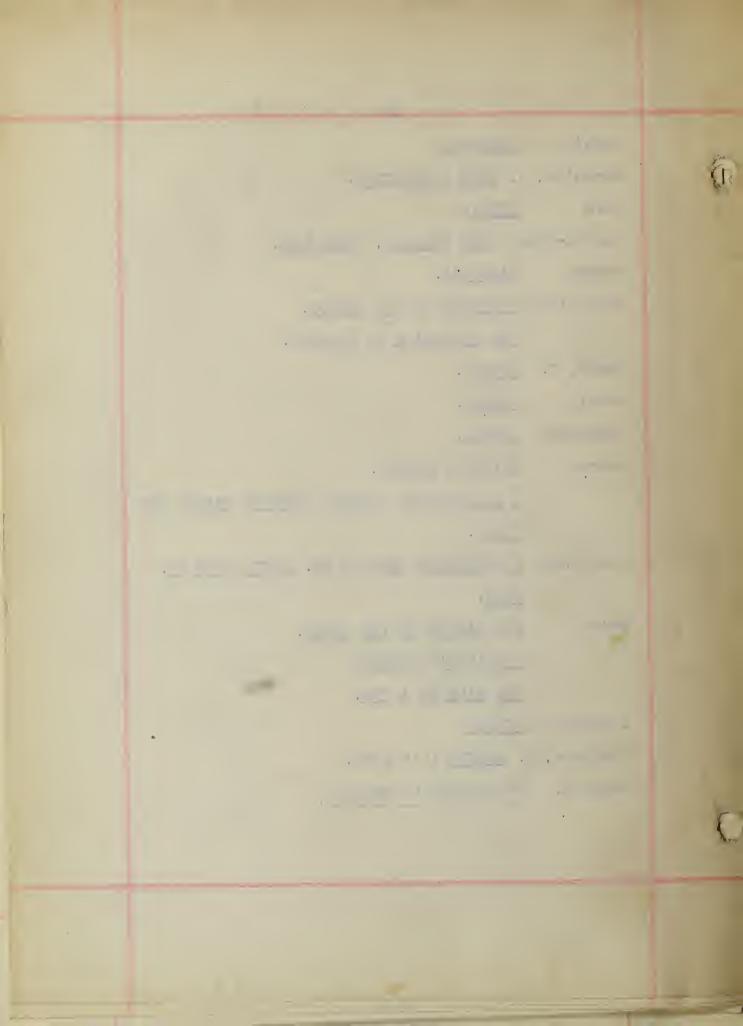
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